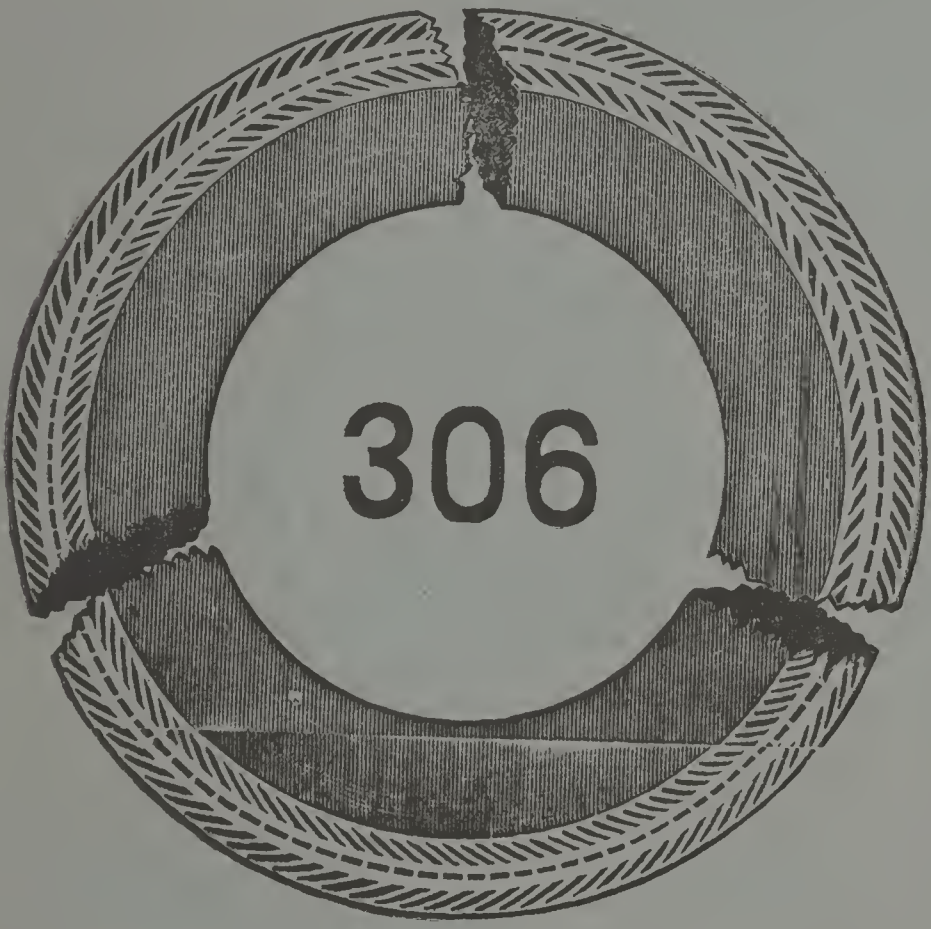


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PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

— *STORY OF A* —

BROKEN



BY

NICODEMUS NICKELPLATE, ESQUIRE.

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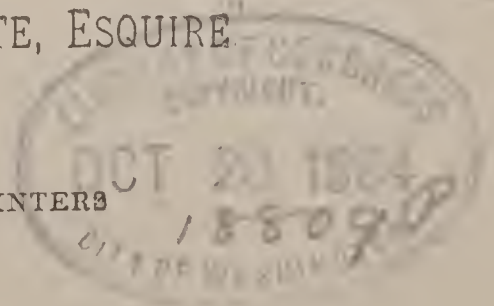
BROKEN



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NICODEMUS NICKELPLATE, ESQUIRE

RUTLAND:
THE TUTTLE CO., PRINTERS
1884.



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INTRODUCTORY.

The greater portion of the contents of this little book was written December, 1879, and, at that time, the writer had no thought of its ever appearing in print. Through the medium of the *N. Y. Herald* and other newspaper accounts he kept apace with that renowned Voyager, the "Ithacan King," on his great passage around the world, and noted with interest the wonderful stir and toadyism which his immense presence created, not only among Kings, Lords and Nobles, but among all classes of people, wherever the dignified Cortège arrayed itself for exhibition.

Conceiving, as did many others, that there was something more than ordinary in the conception and execution of so grand a "swing around the

Circle," something more than pleasure, recuperation and worldly knowledge, and something more in it than appeared upon the surface, and which was so adroitly hidden from public view that it became at once an attractive subject for thought and meditation; and the writer became peculiarly interested in its progress and details.

There was a lurking suspicion in his mind, which received partial confirmation through occasional corroborative suggestions and hints, thrown out by the press of the country, that its primal object was the promotion of a scheme, which if successful, would re-possess certain parties with another four years of government control. While there has never appeared any positive evidence bearing upon the matter, either affirmatively or negatively, there are many things, which, when collated, form a chain of circumstances so strong as to incline the minds of very many toward "heavy thinking" in that direction. These peculiar circumstances, the tone of some portion of the Public Prints, together with the great "after piece" at Chicago, and the

“never surrender” policy adopted by the immortal 306 seem to justify, to some extent, the suspicion that a “third term” in the White House was the key note to the enterprise. If there are sufficient grounds to suppose that such a scheme was thought of, we may with just propriety, and with much stronger force, suppose it to have been the product of a self constituted Ring of political speculators, who thought they could see in it an inviting coparcenary inheritance to official place and power, coupled with admirable and advantageous *pecuniary chances*. To suppose anything less than this, would at once reflect discredit upon the sagacity and *business* reputation of that class of political jobbers who possess the grit and the nerve to embark their money and reputation in such an undertaking. It was hazardous in the extreme, yet presented such inviting and attractive results as to almost force the compact. It was, we must admit, betting unusually high on small cards; but *Gamblers* not unfrequently do so with success. The “stakes” were, no doubt, regarded of sufficient importance to jus-

tify them in taking *all* the chances of holding the “winning hand” when the “show down” should be called for. Upon this hypothesis we imagine the Ring was formed, and assumed the direction, management, control and expense of that wonderful personage, with his wonderful cortege, on his wonderful trip around this wonderful world, to awaken a wonderful interest, in a most wonderful way, which should lead to another four years in the wonderful White House. To say the least of it, it was a wonderful roundabout way to get there, as well as a wonderful expression of confidence in that old wisdom stricken *saw* maker, who so owlshly said: “The farthest way round is the surest way home.” In this instance, however, the exception and not the rule was proven.

To portray and set before the people of this country the not unreasonably supposed *modus operandi* of such a scheme, under such skilled manipulation and management, and in doing so, to show up, as vividly as possible, “the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain” forms one

subject of this little book. The second subject is to forcibly suggest that in these extremely *caloric* times, prudence and political integrity very plainly dictate the propriety, and almost the absolute necessity, of keeping the great American eye constantly *peeled* for the discovery and *squelchment* of all *Ring* influences in the conduct of public affairs, to the end that the good name and reputation of the people be not injuriously affected thereby.

The author positively denies any claim to literary attainments whatever, and does not push his little book out into the "cold, cold world" with any idea of its escaping the very severest criticism. He is ready to admit without argument all its imperfections and incompleteness, and is therefore fully prepared to say "lay on McDuff;" but his imperviousness to the "shafts and darts" of literary acumen will prevent him from ever crying out, "Hold, enough!" He is in that happy condition of mind which will prevent him from feeling outraged at even the worst which can, may or will be said of it, or flattered by any kind expressions in

its favor. He simply proposes to start it out, armed with his best wishes for its success, hoping that it may be recognized as possessing enough of merit and good intention to find a lodgment in the hearts of at least a portion of those whom "snobbery" delights to call "common people," the very commonest of whom is

Very Respectfully, etc.,

NICODEMUS NICKELPLATE, ESQUIRE.

STORY OF A BROKEN RING.



CHAPTER I.

When Ulysses surrendered the Executive Chair,
The Vultures, as mourners, were all gathered there ;
Their “feed” had been stopped, tho’ they’d plenty
in store,

Yet each of these “Vultures” were screaming for
more ;

So they consulted together, this was their theme—
How best can we manage this “third term scheme ?”
They argued, that money, no matter who hisses,
Would accomplish the job, and re-elect Ulysses ;
Would place him once more in Executive Chair
And place them in position to claim each his share
Of all the “fat jobs” for the “Ring” on the “slate”
And a representation in each syndicate.

They'd manage the Finance, the Bonds, the Banks,
Do a big business, and cut all kinds of pranks—
With caution and care, extend their "big Ring,"
Swoop down on the people, with Ulysses crown'd
king.

Ulysses was called on, the scenes to him painted
And the silent old Hero, in ecstacies fainted:
So pleased with the plan, and so anxious to show it,
He dropped his cigar, exclaimed, "Boys, I'll go it!
Just fix up the details, whatever they be,
There'll be no opposition, whatever from me."
Then short consultations were had here and there,
And every "old Vulture" who once had a share
In the former eight years of that "thieving reign,"
Was ready and anxious to thieve it, again—
So they made up a purse, each paid his amount
And charged on his books to the thieving account.
The plan as they laid it—in this they were wise—
Ulysses must visit other lands, other skies—
Go call upon Kings, Emperors, Sultans and Czars—
Dine with them, wine with them, smoke their
cigars—

Go anywhere, everywhere, all round the big world,
Go proudly and grandly with banners unfurled;
At once leave *this* country, be thoughtful and steady,
In their own proper time, all things will be ready
For the grandest "old boom" with shouts and
 cheers,

That even Old Solon, down in Maine with "them
 steers"

Will stand in amazement, at the gorgeous display
Our Hero will make, in his march on the way,
We'll make such a "rumpus" as onward we march,
That Blaine and Sherman will lose all their
 starch,

And Tilden, Bayard, and Hendricks, will shudder
Give up the ghost when they see that the rudder
Of the great monster "boom" and array such as
 this is,

Is meant for none other, than our silent Ulysses.

Having thus settled all the plans in detail,

The next thing in order—Ulysses must sail.

It is really important to get him away,

Exceedingly dangerous to let him here stay;

The sooner he goes, and the longer he stays,
The better for us in a thousand of ways.
Once abroad, we'd think it exceedingly funny
If he should "go back" on us and our money.
If we have him stay here, we may hang up our fiddle,
His "third term" election the people will riddle,
And our chance of success, we are certain to find,
Will be like the blind man leading the blind;
They'll pull him, haul him, and drag him about,
And our pet scheme will go up "in a spout."

So they sent him abroad in a Government steamer,
And they sent all his family along;
They sent in advance a "Runner and Screamer"
To work up a boom and a throng;
They sent with him, watchers, keepers and trainers,
And a beautiful, high-colored star spangled banner,
With a "snug little sprinkle" of party retainers
And a big credit letter for the "Great Western
Tanner";

They sent out reporters and newspaper runners
To write up the hero of silent emotion;
They sent with him Borie, the stunner of stunners,
As agent of finance and chief of devotion.
They sent them all out in a government boat,
And told them: Go, travel this world all over;
We'll want you again in years not remote,
Will pasture you then in the world's brightest clover.
We'll boom while you're gone; you boom as
 you go,
No matter what cost, or the people may say;
 We find the money—*you* make the show—
Our reward in the future—and we'll risk the pay.
Go east and go north, go south and go west;
To England, to Ireland, to Scotland and Wales;
To Sweden and Denmark; to Russia—there rest—
There ponder your greatness and trim up your sails.
Through all these old countries we'd have you to go.
Receiving such homage as "crowned heads" will
 pay,
For the moral effect of this, you well know,
Gives tone to our project in a most certain way.

As your pageant moves onward from nation to
nation,

Your fame in advance, most surely made known,
Will call out the great men of high rank and sta-
tion

To honor your presence and your greatness to own.
Then through Austria, Germany, Switzerland,
France,

Your fame by this time quite generally sounded,
You'll receive such ovations as will leave not a
chance

Of your greatness acknowledged, and thoroughly
grounded.

Thence down through Portugal, away into Spain,
Around into Italy, and "round up" at Rome;

Here rest again, and show off your "train,"

And call on the Pope if you find him at home.

Then, after you've kissed the big toe of the Pope,
And made such display as awakened his awe,

Hie away onward, your soul full of hope,

And enter old Turkey with a "hip and hoorah."

Go visit the Sultan, His Highness, his Harem,
And ponder his greatness, his wisdom, his wine;
Take a peep at his wives, but, mercy! don't
 scar'em,
For that would displease that dear wife of thine.
Go then through Armenia, to that sacred old
 place,
And walk through the garden of Eden awhile,
Where God in His mercy, first planted our race,
And solemnly ponder, and toward heaven smile.
Yes, go visit the garden where daylight first shone
On Adam and Eve, the first father and mother.
Go, call at their graves, but don't go alone;
Go marching to music, sustaining each other,
And kneel at the foot of those dear ancient graves,
Calling Borie to offer his most fervent prayer,
But arm every servant with broadswords and staves,
For fear that "old serpent" may yet linger there
To tempt you and Borie, as he did Mother Eve,
To eat of the fruit, forbidden to man;
So, haste your devotions; get ready and leave,
Shunning every temptation the best way you can.

Then down through the Holy Land, where once
reigned the Jews.

And when at Jerusalem, your party arrives,
Your "runners" before you having spread the glad
news,

The "wise men" will meet you, and so will their
wives—

Don't forget to remember that our foreign friends,
Are the six Baron Rothchilds, whose money we use,
To push on our scheme. They are ready to lend
All the money we want—and they are all Jews—
Be exceedingly careful and do not displease

The "wise men" or Rabbi, while there you may
stay,

They'll study your comfort, your health and your
ease

And give you a "send off" when you start on your
way—

We think you had better to Bethlehem go,
And see where our Saviour was born in a stall.
Be careful at this place to make a good show.
Thence back to the city and attend a Jew ball.

There is much to be learned in that ancient city.
 We advise you to at once apply for a pass,
 Bestow frequent small sums on objects of pity,
 And to imitate Christ take a ride on an ass—
 Be cautious of one thing, write it down on your sleeve
 As you journey round Calvary—remember the
 Laws—
 How very severe they are, against public Thieves,
 And if you're ever tempted—we pray you to pause.

Go visit the Churches, the Mosques and the Towers,
 The Gardens, Valleys, Mountains and Bowers,
 The old Temple ruins, and the graves of the Great,
 The Tomb of our Saviour, and where Mary sate.
 Be cheerful, be happy, be industrious and wise,
 But be not deceived by the Dragomen's lies.
 When you have finished and "done" every place
 Around that Holy City, from thence turn your face
 And straightway to Joppa, in your best style and
 manner
 For there lived "Old Simon," the *original* Tanner;

We advise you to stop here and engage in reflection
Upon the subject of tanning, and leather inspection,
And show to that people, the enormous great strides
Which Science hath made in the tanning of hides.
Then take ship for Egypt, the land of the Nile,
To Alexandria and Cairo—there rest you awhile—
There are lessons to study, in this famous land
Such as “Corners on Corn,” most striking and grand;
And the labor performed here in piling up stone,
Shows plainly that stout perseverance alone,
Will accomplish great wonders in a measure of time,
As witness the Pyramids and Sphinx in this clime.
These wondrous works you should not fail to see,
They are stalwarts and mighty, in this all agree
To miss them were wrong, to see them a pleasure
Compare your own greatness by their immense
measure.

Then nerve up your arm, go down on the Nile
And massacre boldly a fierce crocodile,
This will show the Egyptians, that you are a
“Brave”
In the blood of your enemies, it delights you to lave,

That you smile on your friend, frown on your foe,
And thus having awed them, to Calcutta you'll go.
Here pay your respects, to the accredited agent
Of the great English Crown, and exhibit your
pageant—

Here, rent a big elephant, procure a big gun
Go out in the jungles, and have "lots of fun."
Kill a lion and tiger, aye—kill a wild boar.
Kill each kind of wild beast, found on that shore,
Going in, with your trophies, don't make any
bungle,

The natives will hail you as "King of the Jungle;"
With such prestige established, such a great name,
Whether honest or not, it will prove all the same,
You can boast and can brag as much as you please
Over Old Johnny Bull, and smoke at your ease.
Now, when you have rested, and seen every sight,
The country affords, to your full heart's delight,
Go to China, Japan, and the Great Island Groups,
And learn the great secret of "Birds nests soups"
See Canton, see Peking, and some fine afternoon
Dress up in "store clothes" and see the Tycoon,

Converse with him freely as best way you can,
But be sure and convince him you're a "Melican
Man"

On a great trip of pleasure, all Nations to see,
And among all the rest "The heathen Chinee"
Having "done" the Tycoon, his Nation and trade
To His Imperial Majesty, your greatness 'displayed
Made such impression on Celestial great mind
As caused them to think that on earth they can't find
Another such "sample" produced on such scale
As our "Silent Old Hero"—the American whale—
Whose name needs no mention, whom every one
knows,

Who is toasted and feasted wherever he goes,
Then leave for Yeddo, across in Japan,
And "smouge" around there, a month if you can;
Here, during your stay, let your thoughts be right
weighty,

Look well o'er the field, for *eighteen* and *eighty*.
Through the mails we'll advise you how the scheme
is progressing,

Will send you a speech, to use when addressing

The "good people" here, when you again reach
our shores,

For we intend them to meet you, by thousands of
scores.

The speeches we 'll send you—short, pithy and
sweet—

Each arranged for the occasion, in language com-
plete.

One speech for this place, another for that,

You 'll commit them to memory, and 'have them all
"pat,"

Being ever on guard against such a blunder

As "spouting" in 'Frisco your Omaha thunder—

There must be regular clock work in all our arrange-
ments,

Implicit compliance, no sort of estrangements,

Wherever we "bill you" right there you must go.

We 'll prepare you a speech, for each special show,

You 'll remember that *we*, who have furnished the
"tin,"

Must manage the show, without and within.

Now, if you will comply with our reasonable orders,
There is no other man within these wide borders
Who can call to his aid, in brains or in cash,
Or by the free use of political lash,
Enough "blowers," "strikers," "Pimpers and
 Buffers,"
Newspaper writers and "ballot box stuffers"
To make any show, or cause any scare,
About your getting into the Executive Chair
On the fourth day of March, in the year eighty-
 one,
As sure and as certain as the light of the sun.
But should you get "huffy," our commands disobey,
Or thwart our known wishes in some other way,
Or if the people find out you've sold out to us
They'll raise the "Old Harry" and make such a
 fuss!
They'll feather and tar us, and otherwise mar us,
They'll shake us, jar us, and some of 'em scar us,
They'll brand us as traitors, abroad and at home,
And we'll "sorter" think the day of judgment has
 come.

So you want to be careful and mind what you
say,
When you ought to say yes, you had better say
nay;
Say nothing, do nothing, our plans to expose,
Be as *silent* as death, and "you bet" the thing goes.

Your return to this country, we rather incline,
And have fixed in our minds the year seventy-nine,
When "the scheme" all prepared and everywhere
looming,
We'll dispatch you "come home, all things are a
booming."
You'll come straight to 'Frisco, and there start the
ball
When the weather is pleasant—say early in fall—
And when you arrive we'll have a big crowd
To meet you and greet you and "bellow" so loud
That the people all over the country will wonder
While each will contribute his full share of
"thunder."

Your "walk 'round" the world will be "go as you please,"

Your "trainers" are charged with your comfort and ease,

Your financial arrangements, all fixed and well laid,
Each kind of expenditure arranged to be paid.

There is no sort of trouble for you on this score,
There is "Jay Gould's million" and the Ring million more,

Every dollar of which will flow free as oil
To make you the President and give *us* "the spoil."

So go, Dear Ulysses, and make no mistake,
"The Herald" reporters will follow your wake,
Will write up so glibly, in language and splendor,
The march of our Hero and Country's Defender
As will cause *our own* people to yell and to squall
For the great man, they once thought—not great
at all—

But when they have witnessed the wondrous commotion

You have made among crowned heads across the
wide ocean,

Have noticed the cheerful and heartfelt attention
Of Kings, Lords and Barons, too numerous to
mention,

Who openly greet you and in such gorgeous
manner

Do homage to you, and our Star Spangled Banner,
Then will your greatness in *our* markets rise,
And *our* people will laud you from earth to the
skies ;

For you know it is said "there's no prophet so great"
At his own home as in some other state—

Right here lies the secret and base of our plan.

(For nobody here believes you a great man)

But we'll send you abroad and so "*Herald*" your
name,

"Puff you" and "blow you" and give you such
fame

As will cause the Crowned Heads of Europe and
Asia

To acknowledge your greatness and openly praise
ye—

Now, when the English, the Irish, the French and

the Russian,
The Swede and the Dane, the Spaniard and Prus-
sian,
The Turk and the Tartar, the Egyptian and Jew
All do you homage, what else can we do
But fall into line, unfurl the same banner,
Claim National credit for Ulysses, the Tanner!
Thus, on a great wave of National pride,
To the Executive Chair we expect you to ride;
Then keep a "stiff upper lip" with the mark in
your eye—
When the proper time comes you'll see the "bark
fly."

We will now to *our* duties, within our own
borders,
Lay all the pipes, put all things in order,
Lay out a programme for each man of the Ring,
Fix each his status with our prospective King,
Assign each his duty in this immense "Raid,"
Assess each his quota, and see that it's paid,

Appoint all our agents, arrange every plan.
Secure in some way every available man
Whose political influence will help to advance
The scheme we have laid, and its success
enhance.

The first thing to do in the way of success
Is to gradually buy up the Newspaper Press.
The Newspaper men are generally pliable,
Are easily purchased, but seldom reliable ;
They hanker for money, how obtained they don't
care ;

If there's "soup in the bowl" they want a full
share.

The Newspaper Press is an important factor
In moulding opinion, hence a great actor
In schemes such as ours, to allay their resistance.
We had better "shell out," and buy their assistance.
There are certain Papers, now owned by "the
Ring,"

Ever ready and willing our praises to sing ;
We'll use these at first, and use great discretion
To start public thought and private concession

In a smooth kind of way, we'll go on to suggest
That in a "certain emergency" it may be found best
To quiet the wrangle 'twixt the North and the
South,

And close up forever that "Confederate mouth,"
Dispel all the danger from them Brigadiers,
And to turn into joy all our National tears,
Because of his stern and fierce reputation
To call for Ulysses as Chief of the Nation.

This kind of a plea through our papers will tell,
And the people wont know it's a gigantic sell
Got up for the purpose of catching their votes
And swelling *our* chorus in using *their* throats
To halloo for Grant, and his praises sing
For the sole, single use of the "Third Term Ring."
They'll call it patriotism, we call it "bosh,"
The people's opinion is a cheap kind of "slosh,"
Which is moulded, wielded, voted and sold
As horses and cattle are bartered for gold,
With our army of "strikers" and the Newspaper
Press,

And this fact so patent, what's to hinder success!

We'll send out our agents by dozens and scores
To "do" every district within these broad shores ;
To quietly *see* all the Doctors and Preachers,
The Lawyers and merchants and political screechers,
The Bankers and Brokers, and small office holders,
All that class of men, who "strike from the shoulders."
ders."

The farmers, mechanics, the stockmen and millers,
All the old "bummers" and whiskey distillers,
To some giving "taffy" to others pay cash,
And scare a great many with political lash.
After one certain agent has spent all his force
In one certain district, to another of course
He straightway will go, there perform the same
duty ;

('Tis an exquisite plan, brim full of beauty,)
For as one agent leaves another one follows ;
What the first agent whispers, the second one
"hollers."

Then follows the third, and so on through the
nation,

They'll follow each other from station to station.

Our object in this—"to own up the chalk"—
Is to blow through the papers an immense deal of
talk

Throughout the whole country, in county and
state,

Not only in one but the whole thirty-eight,
In favor of Grant and his "third term" election,
Thus starting the people in a train of reflection,
For you know it is said, though sometimes in ire,
"A large volume of smoke surely indicates fire."

Our Agency plan, if it don't prove refractory,
Is what may be termed a Grant smoke factory,
Each Agent reporting through the Newspaper
Press

Much more than the truth, never anything less.

When the smoke in St. Louis so nicely is curling,
The News, though the Press, to New England goes
whirling.

Through the North to the South, backward return-
ing,

The Press spreads the news of the Grant fires
burning.

All over the Country you'll hear the loud cries,
"The third term is booming," but the dust in their
 eyes
Will prevent them from seeing that our kind of
 smoke
Is a *Factory product*—and a National Joke—
Hatched for the purpose, and with the intention
As a kind of a political patent invention
To deceive the great people of this Greater
 Nation
Into lifting us into a big speculation
By giving to us the undoubted control
Of the silent old Hero, both body and soul,
To obey all our orders, and do every act,
As we may direct him, not doubting the fact
That through our own money, and manipulation,
And for our own use, as chief of the Nation,
We've built him a name, and given him power.
In our immense game, he is our "Right Bower,"
To be "played" as we order, as best suits our
 pleasure,
Sign or Veto, at our wish, any measure,

Fill all requisitions by the Ring men made,
And feel that in all things *we* must be obeyed.
You see, we care not for Grant nor no "other man,"
Except in so far as through him our plan
For filching, grabbing and "big money" nabbing
From our "dear Uncle Sam," without any blabbing
Is nurtured, furthered, and all well matured,
And we've stole all we want and got it secured.
When this is all done, then "down goes his shanty,"
The grave will alone heal the sins of Old Granty ;
His history, when dead, will no doubt be written ;
Will most likely tell how the people were bitten
By a "Bull Dog" named Grant, wearing our brass
collars,
Who was owned by "our Ring," bought with our
dollars,
But whose fierce disposition we always controlled,
For we kept on his mouth a padlock of gold.

We have always remarked it, and it can't be denied,
The people all want to be on the strong side ;

Their ideas so small in breadth, width and length,
The best Newspapered man with them has most
strength :

So we'll newspaper Grant, with columns and pages
Convince these " Old Ninnies " and " doughheaded "
sages

That public opinion on our side is floating.

Thus we will give them a nice sugar coating.

The growing opinion will, like a new broom,

Sweep o'er the land and start the " Big Boom. "

The one greatest trouble and most bothersome
thing

Is to keep all our secrets confined to the Ring.

To keep them all safe against outsiders prying

Demands of each one an immense deal of lying ;

But that matters not, if in that there's success ;

There is no other Ring can beat us, we guess.

We've looked the thing over in a sharp business
way ;

We have counted the cost ; are ready to say

That, without a great mishap, or egregious blunder,
As sure as that lightning is followed by thunder,
We'll march to the polls under victory's banner
And elect the great Chieftain, Ulysses the Tanner.
All things have worked well, all point to success ;
Our travelling agents and Newspaper Press
Have done, and are doing, their full line of duty,
And the third term is growing a magnificent
beauty.

There was one little jar in a scheme we had laid ;
We thought for a time the whole thing was
played.”

On the plea of affording the people diversion,
We concocted to 'Frisco, a Railway Excursion—
Five hundred carloads, strung out in one string—
An elegant “ show ” gotten up by our Ring—
To meet Grant in 'Frisco, and make a big noise,
A sort of reunion of all the Ring Boys,
A flying of flags, and a booming of guns,
Astonishing Fathers, and Mothers and Sons,

A ringing of bells and a beating of drums,
The whole "shebang" shouting "Lo, the Hero, he
comes.

We thought such display would strengthen our
cause,

Give us more "Chestnuts," and more "Cats'
Paws,"

But some rascally scamps, without fear or shame,
"Dropped" on the scheme and exposed the whole
game.

So we sent word to Grant, indignant as thunder,
"The Railway Excursion" "has proven a blunder,"
Don't come 'til we call you, say early September,
And don't you forget, but always remember,
That the "'Frisco Excursion," in your estimation,
Was hatched in Chicago as a mere speculation ;
And *we* through our papers will openly bounce it
As a mere private scheme, and as such denounce it.
In giving direction to a vigorous campaign,
Mistakes will occur which one can't explain.
The only *true way* to get out of a scrape
Is to prove you wer'nt *in it*, in no way or shape ;

And this we did do, through a brassy denial,
Yet the truth suffered much when the facts were
on trial.

STARTLING PHENOMENA.

Now comes the report—see the Altoona *Tribune*—
Of a very remarkable, wonderful sight;
Grant's name in the clouds, one fine afternoon,
Was seen by the people, in letters of light.
When the name of our Hero appears in the sky
In two different places in old Pennsylvania,
Our natural instincts demand to know why
The Heavens thus boldly indorse the "Grant mania."
We find a solution, and it savors of reason,
Yet it may not appear as precisely the thing,
But the Devil agreed at this very season
To set all his forces at work for our Ring.
We think it quite likely, from his "Lower Regions"
He sent forth his minions, to paint in the air
The name of our Hero, and thus call his legions
To come to the front and for conflict prepare.

Our Ring and the Devil a compact hath made ;
We have signed it, sealed it, entirely firm ;
He's to bring out his forces, come to our aid,
And favor in earnest the "final third term."
We mean to play fair and give him his share,
When the election is over—he gets all our Pimps ;
So we are ready to swear, Grant's name in the air
Was the work of the Devil or some of his Imps.

We find in all countries, the laboring masses—
The "mudsills," "scum" and "diggers" in earth—
Must be held and controlled, as ignorant asses,
And kept in subjection under those of "high birth."
We acknowledge, of course, their right of existence,
And admit their service *to us* is of note,
But never can stand their constant persistence
In demanding, like us, a free right to vote.
To say that a poor, dirty, greasy mechanic,
Whose bread is obtained by the sweat of his brow,
Is an equal *with us*, the thought is satanic,
It savors of treason ; we swear and we vow

That mechanics who labor, all men who work
In shop, or on farm, or who handle the spade,
Shall be made to remember the laws of *our kirk*
Distinctly command that *our will* be obeyed.
We will that *their voice* in government measures
Must never be heeded, admitted nor pleaded ;
That the State, and the Nation, their laws and
 Treasures,
Are managed *by us*, and *their voice* not needed.
What do they know about State legislation ?
How do they know what *our* wants demand ?
What can they do, toward sustaining the Nation,
Excepting as *soldiers*, under our wise command ?
Such talk as "the people," the hard-fisted yeoman
Having rights, such as *we* are bound to respect,
Is a low bred absurdity, will find active foemen
In all men of wealth who stop and reflect.
This ideal doctrine that "the people must rule,"
Their will be the law, and by us be obeyed,
Must take a back seat while a different school,
Which teaches the poor by the rich *will be*
 swayed,

Must come to the front and take a bold stand,
Maintaining *our rights* as the Lords of the soil,
To dictate, control, override and command
These greasy mechanics and minions of toil.
How foolish, how silly, how very unwise
Were Washington, Adams, Hancock and Lee—
And Jefferson, too—who proclaimed the bold lies
That “men were born equal,” and born to be free.
They held out the idea that all the tax payers
Were sovereigns, voters and equals with those
Whom God made Nobles, Kings, Lords, Mayors,
To live without labor, and in wealth’s lap repose—
That same kind of feeling in a measure remains
Among the “dear people” who labor and sweat,
But the good time is near—through money and
 brains
We’ll teach them a lesson quite different, “you
 bet.”

Oh! we’ve a deep laid scheme, and a few only know
To what length and what breadth we intend it to go;

It is safest to keep all but few in the dark,
For great fires are kindled sometimes from a spark.
Our final success in great measure depends
On the masterly use of our political friends.
We only have use for the chief party leaders;
To capture them all (being such hearty feeders),
Would break us all up, aye—bankrupt our ring.
We'll not think for a moment of any such thing.
Yet a few must be gobbled, no matter what cost.
We've got it to do, or our scheme will be lost.
We know its a shame, yet we have it to do;
There is no other way to put the scheme through.
There is "Don" and "old Simon;" not Simon the
 Tanner,
But Simon who sailed under Oliver's banner.
They're always on hand, with millions to back
 'em.
They handle the whips, and they know how to crack
 'em.
When Simon says "wig wag," then "waggin'"
 begins.
The "Pennymites" laugh when old Simon grins;

They know what a smile from old Simon means.
They see in that smile bread and butter and beans.
Simon and Don, are right and left bowers;
They'll each take a trick, and each trick is ours.
Such men as these, for their brains, and their toils,
Must each have a share of all the "fat spoils."

There's the noble Lord Roscoe, whose voice always
tells,

He brings first himself, then the wealthy Cornells;
He then brings us Arthur, a good "heavy weight,"
And he, through Boss Kelly, will bring us his
State.

When the battle is over, and our full hand is shown,
We'll assign Lord Roscoe a place near the throne.
The next on the list, of the "bold Roman boys,"
Is "Black Diamond Jack," from the great Illinois.
We have no sort of use for a man who is weak.
We are bound to have *one*, who has no end of
cheek.

If Jack hasn't got it as much as a mule,
We are grossly deceived—but we think, as a
rule,

Our judgment is good, in no wise leaky,
And hesitate not in calling Jack cheeky.
Then, with Jack on our side, in battle array,
We'll have enough cheek to insure us to stay.
Some call it cheek, and some call it brass.
With Jack it's provided, so from that we will
pass.

With Don in the chair, full of old Simon's tricks,
And Jack in the "field," dealing his heavy licks,
The stately Lord Roscoe, in charge of debate,
We'll show to the people how seven wins eight.
There is Boutwell and Banks, most excellent aids,
Pierpont and Stoughton, both charming "old
maids."

Then Douglass and Pinchback, a dark colored pair,
And Norton of Texas, with his Henry Clay hair.
With these and some others, just whom we won't
state,
As helpers to us, and our Triumvirate,
We'll open the ball, from the base to the dome,
Dispatch the old Hero—"Make haste and come
home."

With every precaution prepare for the meeting,
And see that in 'Frisco he has a big greeting.
We've a great deal of work, many plans to devise,
In "pulling the wool" o'er the "dear people's" eyes.
For they mustn't know it's our bold intention
To use them in packing the National Convention.
To nominate Grant, in a manner most hearty,
And elect him, by using the lash of the party—
But when once elected, good bye, you "Dear peeps."
You've lost, we've won, and *we* "played for keeps."

CHAPTER II.

If our memory be not faulty,
And we rightly do remember,
'Twas in the autumn month—
The beautiful September—
Near the middle of the month,
Say, about the equinoxes,
When our Hero home returned,
Bringing seventy-two big boxes
Filled with richest, rarest presents
From most royal hands received ;
They were striking testimonials
As to how their hearts were grieved
At their parting with Ulysses,
And their hopes in his success.
Of course Ulysses took them,
But no emotion of distress

Appeared upon his face
In blushes or in tears,
For he was used to taking presents,
And had been for many years;
'Tis a principle with him,
Which he never does forget,
If you offer him a present
He will take it, "Now, you bet."

Well, he landed safe in 'Frisco
And stepped on shore so blandly,
While a sea of people met him
And greeted him so grandly.
Every kind of demonstration
Which our Ring Men could invent
Was showered most profusely
On the great Ex-President.
We gave him a reception
In every way most grand,
Which set the people thinking
Throughout this great broad land.

We began the "boom" in earnest
All along the "golden slope,"—
In Nevada and Oregon
His presence presaged hope.
From the mountains, hills and valleys,
From the States and Territories,
From the gulches, mines and ranches,
There came to us the stories
Of our hero and his party
As from place to place they went—
One continued grand ovation
To the great Ex-President.

After doing all the Western slope,
Exhibiting our big show,
Not forgetting Brigham's grave
And his harem, as you know,
We approached the East uprightly
In a train of palace cars,
And the people shouted all along
For our Hero, without scars.

'Twas a regular " Hip Hoorah " time
Every night and every day—
One rousing demonstration
At every step along the way—
A most grand and glorious sight,
Producing great commotion,
And it filled us with delight
To witness such devotion.
But when we stop to think
How devotion manufactured
Is likely to hold out,
Our hopes are somewhat fractured.
But it matters not with us ;
If we can keep the ball a-moving,
Can blind the people's eyes
And keep our chance improving,
Can nominate our chieftain
At the National Convention
By tricks, and ways, and means
To numerous here to mention ;
Can place him on the ticket,
See the people don't reject him,

Then manipulate the boxes
And by jugglery elect him,
And should he lack a State or two,
In the electoral college
We'll see the "local boards"
And possess them of the knowledge
Of a singular discovery
Where "seven outnumber eight,"
And upon this hypothesis
Throw out or in a State.
We'll receive our Prima Facies
On which to base for plan,
Then on the fourth of March next
Inaugurate our man—
Install him in the White House,
Paying not the least attention
To any sort of protest
Or Congressional intervention.
Once in, we'll risk the future;
With our chieftain at the helm,
The Congress and the people
With power we'll overwhelm.

We have one prevailing idea
Which we have nourished long,
“ Our weak, imbecile government
Must be changed to one that’s strong.”
Then the idea of freedom
Belonging to the masses
Is a weak and silly subterfuge
Etertained by none but asses.
We’ve conceived a government
Which will give *to us* protection,
And we sent our man abroad
For observation and reflection.
And to notice every method
Of European aristocracy,
And will utilize his knowledge
For the downfall of Democracy.
We’ll establish here a power,
And inaugurate a reign
Which will place in our own hands
The control of this domain—
When the few shall rule the many,
When wealth, and brains and cash,

May "hob nob" at their pleasure,
And administer the lash
Of dread poverty and want,
Of dark misery and distress,
Of grim wretchedness and woe,
Until the people do confess—
Aye, and openly admit
That wealth and rank and station
Is the power forever more
Destined to rule this Nation.

As we pass on through the country,
Through city, town and village,
With an outward show of patriotism,
But inward bent on pillage,
The people come to greet us
And welcome back our hero,
Not knowing that in heart
He's the counterpart of Nero,
Under training for a scheme,
If we can keep him level,

Which would bring a flush of shame
On the cheeks of the old Devil ;
But the "dummies" will not see it—
So we'll push along the show ;
They'll cry aloud and yell for us
Wherever we may go.

We, of course, can see some danger,
From such men as Blaine and Sherman,
And on the Democratic side
Such men as Payne and Thurman.
There are others, called "dark horses,"
Whom we recognize as colts,
They are hardly bridleraised as yet ;
They are a stud of lubberly dolts ;
Who think they have a following
For the Chief Executive Chair,
But when the proper time comes,
They'll "go up" like "thin air,"
They'll find it risky business
To pull across our bows
With their little stern-wheel dinkeys

And old flat bottomed scows.
They can make no more imprssion
On the good old ship Ulysses
Than a goose does on an elephant,
When she spreads her wings and hisses.
They should learn in navigation,
Small craft must keep near shore,
While ships of greater tonnage
May with safety venture more.

Yes, we have our posters up,
We're to show in many places
An untold of exhibition,
Full of style, and pomp, and graces.
Such a caravan of greatness,
Such a menagerie of leeches,
Such immensity of personage
And such elaborated speeches
Can't fail in calling to us,
Great crowds to shout and bellow;
And swear by all thats great and good,
Our Ulysses is the fellow,

The "boss" of all the great men,
The soldier and civilian,
The Hudibras of modern times,
The chief one of the million.
So on we went, from place to place,
Wher'er we had been posted,
Wher'er we went, with one consent,
Ulysses there was toasted.
Through Iowa, through Illinois,
Indiana and Kentucky
The boom progressed, and all confessed
That Ulysses, bold and plucky,
Would stem the current of events,
And land once more in power,
And we felt our chance improving
Every day and every hour.

We feel the great importance
Of a trip down through the South,
To administer some "Taffy"
To that big confederate mouth.

To see the "Jacob Faithfuls,"
Those of African decent,
And arrange a list of delegates
For the great Ex-President.
So we'll hurry through Ohio,
Straight on to Pennsylvania;
We'll there confer with Simon,
Who is solid for "The Mania."
We'll also meet Friend Childs,
And Chairman Don and others—
Consult with them as freely
As if they were our brothers.
We deem it most important
That the Keystone State be right;
Hence, we go there with Ulysses
To cheer them in the fight.
New York is safe with Roscoe—
No assistance needed there;
So we'll spend our time in Southern clime,
And the colored mind prepare.
But first we'll go to Washington.
Remaining there some days,

Post up our books, see how things look,
And gently snub Old Hayes.
Then, "on to Richmond," Sunday morn,
In special train we'll start,
Go fill "the bill," with General Phil.,
Stir up the Southern heart.
The "Faithful" there will meet us,
Receive from us "the plans,"
Then yell and shout along the route,
And gather in "the clans."
For instructions in the secret
Of the way to "manage things"
By the use of notes in getting votes,
And the harmony of Rings.

Now, down through the Carolinas,
And through Georgia—well around
In all South States get delegates
And have them firmly bound
"To stay" with our Ulysses,
"To stay" and ne'er complain,
Firm as rocks, just bet your socks

No Sherman or Jim Blaine,
Can move a peg, when once 'tis set,
Can drive, or coax, or wheedle,
For the col'd mind, when once inclined,
Will point as does the needle
To the great North Star, Ulysses.
To him they'll point and "stay ;"
They'll hold their grip and never slip,
We've taught them all that way.
The Darkies ! Why, the're always led
By the merest, slightest string.
They'll do their work, and never shirk
When commanded by "Our Ring."

To quiet all uneasy thoughts
Regarding our real mission,
We'll via Cuba go to Mexico,
And thus allay suspicion.
A double purpose thus we'll serve,
We'll learn the Spanish Lingo,
And ne'er forget our former pet,
The isle of San Domingo.

Here, on waiting orders, rest us ;
Phil. will see that none molest us.
Let us ponder here and wait
The call from our triumvirate ;
While we wait, look up some mines,
Secure a few good railway lines,
Duly chartered, richly aided,
Such as can be quickly traded
In the land of Yankee Doodle,
And bring to us "great heaps of boodle."
Thus two birds we will have slain
With one stone, then off again
Across the Gulf to Galveston,
And see if aught can there be done.
Through all the great Southwestern States
We'll see that all the delegates
Are men of noble soul and mind,
And to our chieftain are inclined.
The Texans hate our Philip so,
From here we'll let the General go ;
His presence here will prove no aid,
Because of some remarks he made.

He said, if he owned the two places,
(Referring to Texas and Hell)
He would endeavor to rent the former—
To the latter he'd go and dwell.
Well, the Texans are of the opinion
The latter would suit him the best ;
That he'd find it far more congenial,
And a much safer place to rest.

In Texas there's Davis and Plumley,
Tom Ochiltree, Haswell and Saylor ;
There's Tracy, the Niggers and Newcomb,
And up in the north, Bob Taylor.
Look sharp after Tracy, he's tricky,
And up to all sorts of shenanigan
Not a man in the State who can beat him,
Unless it be Colonel Web Flannagan.
Both will take whatever you give them,
And use it as *they* may think best ;
Then ask you to drink, with a nod and a wink,
And beseech you to " pull down your vest."

Look well to the Dutch—they're a power—
See Degener and dine at his palace ;
And Norton, the Nigger's Right Bower,
Who lives up the country at Dallas.
Now, Norton is a Henry Clay man,
Though the statesman now sleeps in his grave;
Since he for chief magistaate ran,
The old "Manikin" refuses to shave.
Confer with them freely, instructing each one
In their duties behind the dark screens.
Pack up your traps when this you have done,
Take the steamer for New Orleans ;
The custom house boys are fully aware,
We have assigned unto them a grave matter
Which they will perform, you may be assured,
For it brings them "the grease on the platter."
Gov. Kellogg at once must be seen,
An understanding minutely arranged ;
Call upon "Pinch" and his snuff-colored queen,
And don't let "Old Lynch" be estranged ;
Thence, to Mobile, and Jackson and Memphis,
Crossing over to pert Little Rock ;

At each of these places, with serious faces,
Distribute some "third term" stock.

Now, off for Cairo, where we'll halt,
There call a consultation,
Prepare a speech quite sure to reach
The heart of this great Nation.
We'll say: We've visited the world,
Have scanned all kingly powers;
With emperors dined, with sultans wined
In palaces and bowers;
Have met the grandest potentates
The world has ever known;
The rarest scenes, most gorgeous Queens
On whom the sun hath shone.

In all my great travels hence,
Nothing seen to me so grand,
So good, so pure, and so immense
As this, "my own, my native land."
Here, Northern and Southern heart,
In solid compact firm and true,


Pledged to do full well their part
To Unionize the Grey and Blue.
Then whether Blue, or whether Grey,
My heart leaps out to meet you ;
Where'er I can, where'er I may,
In brotherly love I'll greet you.

The time is short and we must go,
We'll have no more detention ;
We'll meet again, ere long you know,
At Chicago, in convention,
And then we'll win or lose the game
We've played with such bold hand ;
If winning, we will light a flame
Of power throughout the land,
A power, stifling to Democracy,
Chains the poor of lowly station,
And gives to wealth and aristocracy
Complete control of this great nation.
But losing, Oh, the grievous thought,
Hope hath fled and we are stranded,
Deep despair, most dearly bought,
On our visions, stained and branded ;

Failure in our ears a-ringing,
Lost to us so rich a prize ;
Shame, in tuneful song is singing,
Tears are blocking up our eyes.

Be off, distrust! Avaunt! Away!
Come to us some other day—
Come not now to mar our plans,
We must gather in our clans.
We have heavy work to do,
No time to bother here with you—
So now we'll scatter, but to meet
With great success or great defeat;
Which 'twill be, we cannot tell.
If former, good ; if latter, h——l!
What'er it be, what'er the token,
Let our phalanx ne'er be broken.
Unmovable and firm and grand,
Let us by each other stand,
Let us to each other cling—
Distinctive factors of the Ring—
Each remembering well that whether
“Stand or fall,” we're all together,

“Up or down,” Oh, Fate, direct us ;
Our own brave hearts alone protect us.
Our game is one of desperate chance,
Which boldness can alone advance—
And, if it wins, will bring a prize,
At which the world will ope its eyes ;
Winning brings to us a stake,
At which the people well may quake ;
And then again we’ll say, “Dear Peeps,”
We played to win; and played “for keeps.”



CHAPTER III.

THE CONVENTION.

It is not our purpose or desire, in this connection, to give anything like a detailed statement of the proceedings of the great convocation. We shall only refer to such portions as tend to throw light upon the matter we have under special consideration. The convention proper was a very large and very respectable body of men. The duly accredited delegates numbered something over eight hundred. It was estimated that there were present twenty thousand outsiders.

Of the latter it is probably safe to say that at least 19,750 of them were men suffering under the scorching pine-knot flames of a vivid desire for office. That patriotism, pure and undefiled, was pressing down upon them at a rate fully equal if

not in excess of the well known degrees of atmospheric pressure, and threatening to burst in the outer walls of their "pent up" bosoms, pushing them on to the sacrifice of individual happiness and personal comfort, in the dull, monotonous and uninteresting service of their country. Oh, what a pleasure we "common people" feel in realizing the fact that we live in a country where the lubricating oil of patriotism (chemical pure) so diffuses itself, softens and invigorates so many of our "better classes" of countrymen, and fits them for the arduous duties of official life.

We have reason to be thankful to the Great God of Direction that "our lines" have been "cast" in the midst of such an ocean of self-sacrificing spirits. We are constrained to believe that the American people do not so fully appreciate this phenomenal characteristic, so prevalent among "our fellow citizens," as they should do. That they greatly underestimate the weight and burden of government responsibilities these "patriotic souls" so willingly and so cheerfully take off the

people, and without a murmur carry year after year upon their own emaciated and emaciating shoulders. Oh, what patriotism! What immutability of purpose! What incomparable and incomprehensible generosity! 'Tis enough to move the heart of stone and dissolve it into pity. The weight and cares of government! With what cheerfulness and with what Christian resignation they do bear it. Some one of the numberless Johnsons once said :

“Care, that is entered once into the breast,
Will have the *whole possession* ere it rest.”

We suspect that “Johnson” was well posted, and knew whereof he wrote. That he had watched closely how “others’ cares” had been handled, and felt constrained to sound the alarm. Now we have great confidence in the “better classes,” and would not be guilty of suspecting any wrong in them, but would simply suggest that it is in the nature of man to be frail, whenever he is surrounded with a multiplicity of “good chances,” and it might not be unwise to keep an eye upon him

and see that he doesn't get the "whole possession." This suggestion is made in the interest of the people, and to intimate to man not to put on airs, "you know."

Yes truly, man is frail, quite frail sometimes. Whoever said—as some one did say—"frailty: thy name is woman," had not studied man, and looked him well over, when he ejected the "soft impeachment." He was not well up in the belles lettres of masculinity. He evidently "went short" on the full knowledge of man. He didn't see him in those days in the light we now behold him. He hadn't as yet reached the "bottom facts." Any woman in the country will tell you so. With sorrow we record it, that even man nowadays leans heavily toward frailty, and he must not be trusted too much in the "isolated corners" of official life, with the great cares of the people. The frailty of man is less liable to fructify, develop and prosper when he is kept right out on the front piazza of constant observation.

The convention, as before intimated, met and proceeded, as do all conventions of a similar character, to "count noses," take a general look at the "situation of things," and ascertain as correctly as possible the status of its various component parts.

Like all other such "gatherings," it was a circus of amazing curiosity, with numerous side shows, more or less attractive.

It was menageriel, hippodrometic and prestidigitatorial in many of its aspects, and therefore partook to some extent of the "combination" characteristics and peculiarities of the Barnum and Forepaugh exhibitions. There was, however, a singular absence of "red lemonade" and a remarkable profusion of "red licker." It was used freely and for various purposes. The demand for it was immense. It was an eight day picnic for the "red licker" dealers. While there was a great redundancy of "red licker" and "red licker" influences, there was a remarkable scarcity of unanimity. We are not prepared to say that the redundancy of the one produced the scarcity of the

other, but will say that from the little experience we have had in the use of "red licker," we think it might have that effect. Outside of our friends—the Mastadons—the insurmountable 306, there was hardly a man in the convention, and but few in the city, who could read in his heart a clear title to an unanimous sentiment which would govern his action through the convention. Such as they did possess was of an unstable and migratory character, a kind of "off and on," "skip and go fetch it," "go as you please," "you know." The 306, however, were strikingly unanimous. They went there unanimous, and remained unanimous during the entire siege. Besides being unanimous, and faultlessly so, they presented a front, rear and equilateral aspect of astounding determination which not the liveliest imagination can picture or the nimblest pen describe.

Firm as the Rock of ages, there they stand,
A most determined, a most heroic band ;
No word which human tongue could speak
Could move them, or bring upon their cheek

Aught but the pallid forms of hopes now dead
And the sickly visage of bold ambition fled;
No thought, no sign, no emblematic token
To give them cheer, or brace them in the fall;
They saw, felt, knew—the Ring was broken,
And with it broke ambition, hopes and all.

The reverse currents of public opinion had set in, and great waves of thought came tumbling and and rumbling over the pathways of public mind, averse to Ring power and Ring management.

The great American eye had begun to peep through the fog and mists of the “bold intention,” and there came up and swept throughout the land such a cyclone of opposing sentiment as to shatter even the strong walls of desperation, yet this pyramid of purpose, this mountain of fixity, this “noble phalaux” stood like :

Bold Gibraltar, rising high
Above the storms of opposition;
Determination in each eye
To hold the fort of their ambition.

Hush ! Our Roscoe ! Great Defender !
Hear his fiery words and voice,
“ The old guard dies, but ne’r surrender,”
Such is our unbounding choice.

That settled it. They didn’t die, “ so to speak.” but they gently “ went under,” “ as it were.” They passed away as 306 “ souls with but a single thought,” 306 “ hearts that beat as one.” They were still unanimous. They “ handed in their checks,” exclaiming as the did so, “ Holy Moses ;” “ sich is life.”

Combine they would not. Their man, and only their man. They had one purpose, and only one. They adopted at least a trace of that policy which may be gleaned from the following story :

STORY.

A fabulous story—please read it who may—
’Twas about a mean dog called Ranger—
Whose mean disposition led him one day
Out into the barn, in a mean, haughty way,
To prevent an old horse from eating his hay,
And, to do so, jumped into the manger.

The horse stepped back, as any horse would
With a fierce, biting devil before him.
The dog sat and growled as no dog should ;
The horse moved back as far as he could,
Hoping his master (a man truly good)
Would come to the barn and restore him.

The master was gone. No relief was there
From the pangs, of a hungry feeling.
The dog would growl. The horse would stare.
Death was approaching. The dog did'nt care—
He could'nt eat hay—and the horse did't dare,
And both with starvation, were reeling.

At last death came, one bright, sunny day,
And took, both the horse and dog Ranger.
It left some advice for the old, young, and gay—
If you can't win yourself, some other one may ;
Don't be a brute, and stand in the way,
And give to your fellows a chance to say,
"He is only a dog in the manger."

If you are up for an office, and *know* you can't win—
And by helping your neighbor, *he can*—
Don't stand back, and chuckle and grin,
Don't be selfish, and narrow, and thin,
But roll up your sleeves, and pitch right in,
And show to the world you're a man.

If the Ring had been wise, and fairly inclined,
When they saw that "Three hundred and six"
Was a good, strong vote, but with *nothing* combined
Was too weak to win, as they surely did find,
But quite strong enough with *his* own "do ye mind"
To have carried through *John* and left *Jim* behind,
And thus *settled* a few of his tricks.

But the dog-in-the-manger disposition was there—
If *their* man couldn't win, no other man should.
So they stoically sat, with a deep, sullen air,
Some grating their teeth, while others did swear
That neither Jim nor John, nor George the fair
Should climb to the top of *that* golden stair
Till death called them loudly for h—ll to prepare,
Which, if justice were done them, it would.

As a natural consequence, when the final test came and the last "heat" was called, in the "free for all" the dark horse "Surprise," one of the stud of "Lubberly Dolts," was duly entered and brought out with a strong show of "backers." Most of the "trained nags" were led off the track too heavily handicapped with the elements of defeat, leaving a light and uninteresting "field." There were several "starters," but before the "half" was reached, the Ring horse and "Surprise" were the only contestants. "Surprise" early took the pole, and at the "third quarter" showed odds in his favor. Coming down the "homestretch" he made some beautiful "spurts" and passed "under the wire" an easy winner, amid the *forced* applause of the assembled multitude. Ohio had won again.

The second prize was with little or no opposition awarded to the piscatorial diplomat of Gothamitish fame, as a needful peace offering, and as a pain-soothing, wound-healing, antifebrile stroke of policy. The "subsequent proceedings" were of the ordinary commonplace character usual on such occasion.

There were no tears shed when the final adjournment was declared. The departure bore something of a funeralistic aspect, in that all left wearing upon their faces a strange admixture of melancholy dissatisfaction and regret. A few were seemingly "pert and chipper," and continued in that delightful mood until the supply of "pert and chipper" ingredients was exhausted, when a "change came o'er the spirit of their dreams," and they gradually "took on" a tired, drowsy and somewhat insipid appearance.

Others were in a frame of mind indicative of a "peaceful resignation" to the "powers that be," no doubt engulfed in the belief that "whatever is, is right," while others—and not a few—presented fierce, cyclonic fronts, giving unmistakable signs of "trouble ahead." The result, when known throughout the country, produced no spontaneous outbursts of public favor. The Ring managers saw this great lack of spontaneity, and saw in it an opportunity to wreak out a sweet revenge in November for their bitter defeat in June. They knew that

they yet held the card, which, if played with a dexterous hand, would bring success or bring defeat to the Chicago winner. They felt that sooner or later overtures for their assistance would be made, when they would be able to dictate a peace such as would give them a chance to "recuperate." They realized, too, that—

"Peace hath her victories

No less renowned than war."

It was necessary, as a strategetic stroke of policy, for them to manifest little or no interest in the November result. Having hitherto been very active and important factors of party success, they knew that a dignified reticence and stoic inaction would bear fruit to their advantage, and hence pursued that course. They felt certain that their co-operation would be regarded of sufficient importance to call out liberal proposals. They had reasoned well. The overtures were made. In due time an agreement was concluded between the factions, by which "the ring" influence was given the "Chicago winner." The terms of this agreement

were never fully known to the general public, but enough is known to justify the supposition that—

A special declaring
In favor of sharing

Some special fat jobs with the Ring,
Say the New York collector,
As a special “protector,”
Was quite a desirable thing.

Then a few other places,
With equal good graces,

The Ring was allowed to dispose of ;
As a special behest
The Ring “might suggest”

Many things which the world never knows of.

The Ring men agreed
With all possible speed

To start out Ulysees and “stump it,”
That they themselves would
Do all that man could,

They together would all go and “hump it.”

Then the great "Head Centre"
Went straight out to Mentor
 And demanded a full confirmation,
When the "Ohio Surprise,"
With tears in his eyes
 And a mien of weird consternation,
Said, with the greatest of pleasure
I agree to this measure,
 For I know that without it I'm lost ;
So, please have no fears,
For I bind with my tears
 All the terms, and at whatever cost.

There was no further defection,
No well urged objection,
 The compact had eased every pain ;
A full, fair compliance
And a perfect reliance
 Would give them success once again.

So now for the battle
With a ring and a rattle,
 With a booming and looming and whizzle ;

Go stir up the people
From cellar to steeple,
And dispel every chance for a fizzle.

As we now are united,
And our wrongs have been righted,
In a promise to share in the "plunder,"
We have something in sight
To give zest to the fight,
And Hancock must get right from under.

"Three hundred and six,"
Go right out and mix
With the people all over this land ;
Go tell them we're righted,
In the great cause united,
And together once more we must stand.

Ulysses, go thou and speak
To the strong and the weak,
Go plead for the great cause of state ;
We'll follow your wake,
And heal every break,
And remember that "seven wins eight."

We have fought the good fight,
We have come out all right,
 We have elected the Ohio Surprise ;
We have delivered the goods,
Brought the man " out the woods,"
 Though it cost us a great many lics.

Now, let us all take a " smile,"
Then we'll rest us awhile,
 And wait for the day of fair dealing ;
When a just distribution
Gives a full restitution,
 And also a share in the stealing.

It was not long after the great national verdict day until speculation began to " run riot " in reference to the selection of the incoming " field and staff."

Hints, and great slivers of hints, were thrown out from various quarters, that the " Gotham Compact" would, in a measure at least, be disregarded.

These things fell upon the " parties interested" with depressing effect, and elicited the following

episode, which indicates the peculiar state of feeling at the time :

Says Roscoe to Don, one bitter cold morning,
Among the last days of the year :
I'm feeling uneasy, I think its a warning
That treachery is brooding quite near.
I'm thinking, says Roscoe, we're sold out again.
The horoscope readeth that way.
I suppose you refer to the man up in Maine,
And Roscoe responded with *Yea*.

Don't say that the compact at Gotham we made,
And confirmed by Surprise in Ohio,
Is to be set aside and not be obeyed!
Why! that's an outrageous "stab" at the "trio."
How can it be thus! What does the man mean!
Has he no sense of honor! Do tell me I pray.
Can it be that Maine is to run the machine!
Again Roscoe responded with *Yea*.

Says Roscoe to Don: I greatly do fear
That we have made another great blunder,
For I see in the papers and otherwise hear

That Robertson—that imp of old thunder—
Expects, with good reasons, the “Gotham collec-
tion,”

Has very strong “backers” who’ll never say Nay.
Says Don: You don’t tell me! a clear *Maine*
“reflection.”

Again Roscoe responded with Yea.

Says Roscoe to Don: Go call in our hero
With a few other friends whom we know,
For I need bracing up, I’m clear down to zero,
And I fear that “our cake” is all “dough.”

Says Don unto Roscoe: We’re in a bad box,
We are getting the proofs every day;
That man up in Maine is a sly old fox,
Again Roscoe responded with Yea.

We have met, there appears a good reason why;
We have snagged our old boat once more,
We’re hit on the nose, in the mouth, in the eye;
We’re feeling, God bless us, quite sore.

Says the hero: I see it, too weak for our foes,
And others said Yes, we’ll dissolve us this day.

What! peter right out and turn up our toes!
And they each one responded with Yea.

Says Don: I propose for your consideration
That a medal be cast in nickel or brass
As a proper memento in commemoration
Of that "heroic band" ere unto death they do pass.
Let "Three Hundred and Six" on the medal appear
And send one to each, without much delay.
What say you, my friends, let your answer be clear,
And they each one responded with Yea.

One by one the great actors and promoters of
the now "Broken Ring" betook themselves into
shades of less publicity.

One of them, under an unbearable load of
supreme disgust at the instability of purpose which
he saw around him, and with his confidence in the
"solemn promises" of men "clean gone," extracted
himself from the sanhedrim of American greatness
accompanied by his "Man Friday," "*Me too*," and
is now wearing out his remorse on the sharp points
the legal profession.

Others with less compunction of conscience and more flexible natures seemed willing to submit to whatever degrading genuflections the men "on deck" might require.

Ulysses, after receiving great "boodles" of "substantial comfort," began to look through the inviting fields of speculation, as we suppose, to drown his regrets in the "pools of finance," and shortly became the "solid man" in one of the most remarkable banking houses known to the world of finance. Its plan of operation, business methods and hieroglyphical details were, are, and will ever remain the great unanswerable financial conundrum of the age. It was and is yet the acknowledged prestidigitatorial wonder.

There was never anything like it before, and there is no possible chance for the future to ever reproduce any thing akin to it. Its base of operation seemed to be *supposititious government contracts*, on which, in some way unknown to any but themselves, they realized enormous profits which were at once absorbed in dividends to the stock-

holders. It was true that they were great and successful negotiators of loans, but it is equally true, from all that we can see, that *the bank* was itself in every case the borrower. Its principle business seemed to be to borrow and declare dividends. It borrowed anything and everything that anybody would lend it. It succeeded in borrowing and "dividending" until it had rolled up its liabilities to sixteen millions, and rolled down its assets to a simple dollar mark and as many cyphers as the reader may choose to add. When it had done this it *failed*. That's what the papers called it, *failed*. "Only that and nothing more"—Failed! What a gentle term! How truly feminine! How smilingly easy! Failed! What a museum of untruth! What an earthquake of falsity!

Messrs. Ferdinand Failure and Fraud,
Great bankers in Gotham of late,
Thy name both at home and abroad
Is a matter of very much prate;
It's attracting the greatest attention
In all the great circles of business,

Requires but the slightest of mention
To bring on a feeling of dizziness.
Such immense financial transaction,
And such a great confidence game,
And then, such a sudden refraction,
And such great abuse of a name.
Thou'rt booked for a full page of history.
In business thou mad'st the "street" quake,
In finance thou art a great mystery,
In fraud thou hast well earned the cake.

Oh Ferdinand, Ferdinand, and
Oh thou martyred greatness too.
Thou art bricks of purest brass,
Thy conglomerate of methods queer,
Thy grandiloquent suppositions,
Great Utopian, brainy heads,
Vampires, on "root of evil" feeding,
Clean cut, rare financial gems,
Lusted for use on earth No. No.
Nor heaven No Elsewhere,
Oh precious gems, lights phenomenal,

What would the world without thee.

Ludlow ! unbar thy gates,
Ope wide thy portals quick,
That genius unto greatness
May go again and thrive ;
The law, the courts will crook
To save thee one and all.

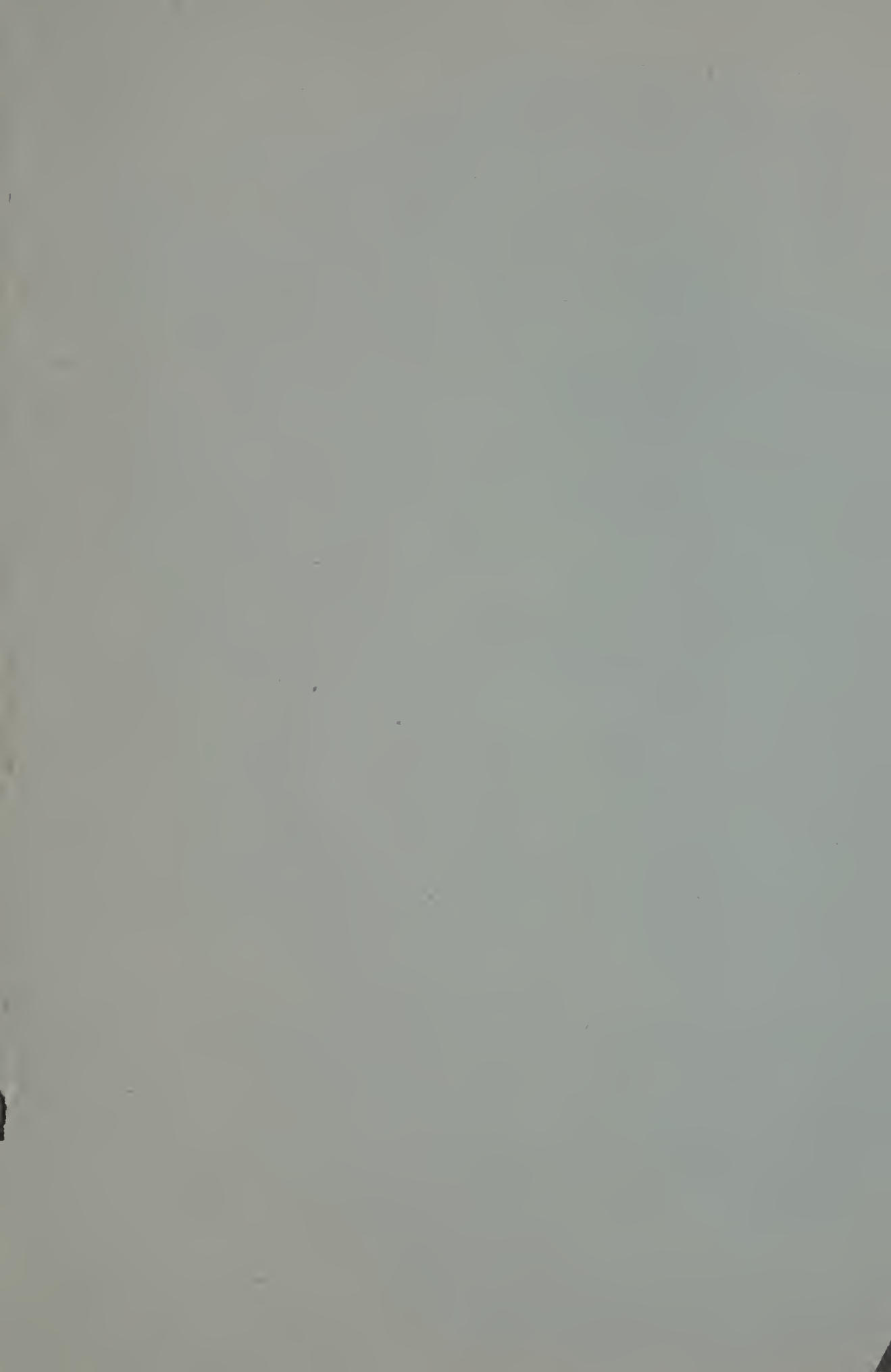
They who can great millions steal
May walk abroad and never feel
The chilling blasts of public scorn,
But he who in starvation's hour,
Takes without leave one bag of flour
The law will hunt with all its power
And brand him " thief," then toot its horn,
And on the wind the shame is borne.

The majesty of law, great God ;
Her judges too, who hold the rod
And wield it at the beck and nod
Of wealth and princely station,
What chance hath poverty with thee—
What hope in law or court decree,

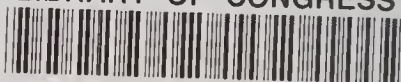
When justice, as the blind may see,
Is but a strange epitome
Of courtly court evasion!

The end is reached. The story told.
The object sought is pure as gold.
There's much of truth and much of fiction,
There's blunt expression, style and diction,
There's not a word of mean intention,
There are *some* words downright invention.
There's not a thought, or word, or act,
Which is not based on much of fact;
It's not the product of "great mind,"
It comes direct from "common kind."
In erudition, much is lacking—
Plain common sense its only backing;
Claims naught of literary fame;
Its author's worth appears in name,
Which, thank you, I am pleased to state,
Is Nicodemus Nickelplate.

THE END.



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